

"You bet," said Father. "We will have to do this again."

Dick and Jane smiled brightly at each other, while their little hearts pounded in panic. They knew they would have many new adventures to look forward to.

Then they all got in the bright yellow taxi. Away went the taxi to the Train Station. Their Hotel holiday was over.

— Joseph Nicholson

Lock Haven PA

HYENA

I don't need much. I eat what the others cannot stomach. I partake only of the fallen. I am patient, I starve, and sitting back on my emaciated haunches, I watch them live their sleek, fat lives. When they die by the claw, the law of their own world, I sniff through the pickings. My poor head never rises above my shoulders. I am misshapen, ugly, a natural cringer. Think of me on my belly, servile, gratefully licking your hand until the clean bones are all that remain. My mourning sounds like laughter.

A MAN'S WIFE

Saul huddled against the baked potato. After being married to Clair for sixteen years he still didn't know if he loved her. Sometimes Saul wondered why he ever married a baked potato at all. She couldn't cook or clean, and no one would hire a potato nowadays. They lived in poverty, shunned by their neighbors, all alone in the world — yet it wouldn't have bothered Saul if only he could be sure that she loved him, and that he loved her in return. Of course he knew that Clair could never tell him she loved him because of her disability, but if only there was some way he could know how she felt. With a sigh he settled deeper in the bed; he thought he felt the potato shift its weight. "The poor dear," he thought, "she must be having bad dreams — forks and sour cream, I bet." He tucked the covers gently around the potato. A quiet smile came to his lips. "Perhaps," he thought, my mission in life is no more than to take care of my Clair." "My little potato," he said dreamily, and snuggled closer, and went to sleep.

— Karen Kipp

Carbondale IL